CHINESE FINANCIERS.

The Silver Exchange of Peking and the Banker's Guild of Shanghai.

CARRIER PIGEONS AS TICKERS. China the Oldest Banking Country in

the World. HOW THE HEATHENS LEND AND BORROW

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1



HANGHAI, Decem ber, 1888.-One on of the leading business houses of Shanghai I find a reminiscence of the Mitkiewicz syndicate. It is a brass sign and it bears the name of Wharton Barker upon it. Mr. Barker is supposed here to be still working for the concessions, and during

my interview with Li Hung Chang I noted that he asked very particularly as to Mr. Barker's character and his standing among our bankers. I am told that Wharton Bar ker intends to visit Russia soon, and to look into the railroad projects, which propose a line from Siberia above Peking, westward through Europe, and that the status of this road will materially affect his plans. Li Hung Chang feels much ashamed of being taken in by Mitkiewicz, and he thinks that if the American banking scheme could be made a fixed fact he could retrieve his reputation. The concessions he gave Mitkiewicz were genuine, and he signed them as the Secretary of State of China. When the Government, however, found that Mitkiewicz was an adventurer they refused to indorse them, and left the honorable Li in the lurch. Li Hung Chang is now in correspondence with Mr. Barker, and the next agent that Barker sends to China will probably have enough sense to keep his mouth shut until the articles of agreement have been signed by both parties

CHINESE CURRENCY. There is at present no national bank in China, and this American bank with its fifty millions of capital would, in a measure, take the place of a national bank. The Chinese, however, have thousands of private banks. There are 400 banks in Peking, 300 native banks in Tientsin, and Cantor has banks and pawn shops by the hundreds The rates of interest are high and short loans in tight times reach 33 per cent. The pawn brokers charge 36 per cent a year, or 5 per cent a month, and the rates of exchange from one province to another are very heavy. China has no national currency, and each bank issues its own notes, These are much like our notes, save they are in Chinese characters and on cheap white paper. The only coin of the country is the cash, of which it takes from a 1,000 to 1,500 to make a dollar, and which, small as it is, is counterfeited. The cash is a thin, round coin a little larger than one of the big American cents of a century ago, and sometimes no bigger than a nickle. It has a square hole in the center and is usually carried in strings of 100 or 1,000 each. Gold bricks and silver nuggets are used in making large purchases, and the unit of weight is the teal or ounce. One ounce of silver or a teal is worth about \$1.40 Mexican and a common denomination is a ten teal piece, which is a chunk of silver east in the form of a Chinese shoe. I saw some of these silver shoes at the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank in Peking. They are stamped with the marks denoting the fineness of the metal within them, and they mtain from 97 to 99 per cent of pure silver Gold bricks are of the size of little cakes of India ink, and these, like the silver, are eigners with the Chinese, is done in Mexican dollars and each business house has a man called a shroff, who does nothing else but count money and pass upon its

CUTE SWINDLERS.

The Chinese are the greatest swindlers in a small way in the world. They appreciate the accumulating properties of little drops of water and little grains of sand better than any other people, and they will shave a bit of silver dust off of dollar after dollar so small that you cannot perceive the loss until they have saved enough to have made quite a profit. They bore holes in the coin, n with lead and cover them with silver, and in taking money from the banks here it is necessary to ring every coin.

The Chinese do all their business with foreigners on a cash basis, though the credit system prevails largely among themselves. They are honest in their dealings and merchants tell me that they stick to their bargains even if they lose by them. China has no bankrupt laws and debtors are liable to corporal punishment from their creditors. By not paying their debts they lose caste and are practically drummed out of busi-ness. It is a disgrace in China not to pay your debts, and, as a rule, the whole nation settles up at New Year's day, which comes in February. The result is that China never has a panic, and in the case of famine or failure of crops the Government some times loans money to the people. The silver dollar varies in value, and the Chinese now regulate the value of a dollar by the rise and fall of silver in the markets of the

The biggest of the Chinese cities have their stock exchanges, and the queerest sight I have seen was the silver exchange in Peking. In company with Mr. Charles Denby, the son of our Minister, I went at ? o'clock one morning into the crowded Chinese city. We wound our way through streets so narrow that only donkeys and men could pass through them, through passages where men had to walk side-wise in order to get by each other, and finally found ourselves in a long, low building which looked more like a cattle shed than a business room. It was lighted from the roof and was filled with from 500 to 1,000 round-headed, pig-tailed, yellow-faced men, each of whom seemed to be yelling at the top of his voice and each pushing his fingers into the face of his neighbor. These men were buying and selling silver dollars, just as our brokers do in Wall street, and they made more fuss than all the bulls and bears of New York.

CHINESE TICKERS.

At 8 o'clock the rate was fixed for the day, and the news was "telegraphed" by means of carrier pigeons to the various banks of the city. The pigeons of Peking banks of the city. The pigeons of Peking are largely used for messengers, and they are, perhaps, the only pigeons in the world that whistle. As they fly through the air they make a whistling sound which, in the case of a flock, sounds like a whole school of boys operating tin whistles at the same time. This noise comes from actual whistles which are tied to their tail feathers by their owners, and the noise of which scares away the hawks from them. It is a curious sound and I heard it many times before I could find out from whence it came. They are the tickers of the Chinese banker, and they give

him all the quotations.

The foreign banks which do business in China have large capital stocks, and they pay big dividends. The Hong Kong and Shaughai Banking Company, for instance, has a paid-up capital of \$7,500,000. It has a surplus of \$4,000,000, and its proprietors are liable for \$7,500,000 in addition to the capital of \$1,000,000 in addition to the capital. liable for \$7,500,000 in addition to the capital. It pays interest on deposits of six months at the rate of 4 per cent, and 2 per cent per annum on daily balances. It has jammense establishments throughout the East, and its banking office here at Shanghai will compare in size and appointments with the best banks of Wall street or London. It is the same with a number of other great banks here in China. English and French capital manages them, but a Chinaman al-

ways counts the money and figures up the profits and losses on one of these little boxes of buttons strung on wires, which makes up the Chinese calculating machine, and upon which all China does its arithmetical problems. These banks will give you drafts on any part of the world, or letters of exchange and credit, which will be good anywhere. Their chief officers are among the leading business men of the East, and they all seem to be making money.

A CLEARING HOUSE. The Chinese merchants keep as full a set of books as our merchants do, and they do business on a smaller margin. They keep account of stock and daily sales, and I have seen some of their ledgers. The Peking banks have a clearing house system. Each depositor has from his banker a book with two columns, in one of which are entered his deposits and the other his drafts. He pays his creditors by cheeks on the bank and in the evening sends his book to be baland in the evening sends his book to be bal-anced. The next morning the clerks of the various banks get together, checks are inter-changed and the accounts of the various depositors are squared. These banks are also expected to loan money to their de-positors, and a man is supposed to have the right to draw on his bank for loans equal to deathly the amount of his average deposit. double the amount of his average deposit. The disgrace of dishonoring debt is such that a business man failing will hardly attempt to regain his standing in his own province, and dutiful sons often pay their

inthers' debts.

The honesty of the Chinese in their business dealings is shown in the actions of Hou Qua, the Canton millionaire who died a few years ago, leaving at least \$50,000,000. One of the Chinese firms of Canton had failed, owing a great sum to foreigners. Hou Qua got up a subscription and paid the whole indebtedness. He headed the list of subscribers with \$1,000,000 out of his own pocket, saying that "Chinese credit must remain untarnished." This is the same man who when the English were about to bombard Canton unless their demand of \$6,000,000 was paid within 48 hours, headed the subscription list with the sum of \$1,100,-000. "I give," said he, "\$800,000 as a thank offering for the business prosperity I have had. I give \$100,000 as a testimony of the fidelity of my son. And \$200,000 as mark of the affection which I bear my wife. This man Hou Qua, though dead, is still greatly honored in Conton. His gardens there are among the sights of the city and his name is synonomous with busines

China is one of the oldest banking nation of the world. The people had banks of deposit and discount as far back as 2600 B. ... and the interest laws of China date back 200 years before the discovery of America. In 500 B. C. the Government issued pape money and there is now in Peking paper

ANCIENT BANKS.

riddle on his sign, which you must read up-ward, beginning from the bottom of the last money in circulation issued by private banks of as low a denomination as 10 cents. The Chinese money changer may be found on every street corner and his shops are in nearly every block. He charges good rates and makes a good profit. A great deal of the money lending in China is done on somewhat the same plan as our building assocoations. It is more often in companies of ten who club together and agree to put so much into a common fund which shall be loaned in the first instance to the man getting up the company. At the end of the second year or six months or a month, as it may be, another contribution is levied and this goes to the second man and so on until each has had the use of an equal amount of money, and the whole matter is so graduated that each member of the club is fairly treated as to interest and capital.

China is full of these small associations nd there is no country in the world where the art of organization has been carried to such an extent by the different branches of capital and labor as here. Even the beggars have their organizations and the bankers that the minutest particulars of business are given. The various kinds of silver dollars to be taken are mentioned and checks for less than \$10 are not receivable. Each banker has to send his book to the clearing house twice a day and the manager for the month has the supervision of them. Other banking associations of Peking and Canton, and most of the difficulties of lender and borrower are settled here rather than in the FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A PARISIAN CAT CIRCUS.

Tricks of an Astonishing Nature by Intelligent Feline Performers. can Agriculturist.

Those persons who believe cats to be incapable of profiting by education would change their opinion if they could see the exhibition of performing cats in Paris, France. The skill and docility of the little animals are truly wonderful, and would, even in dogs, be considered a proof of great intelligence. The cats are concealed in two small wooden houses or kennels, which stand opposite each other with a row of 50 chairs between them. The performance begins by the trainer tapping on the roof of one of the houses. Immediately a cat comes out of the door and, after being stroked and patted by its master, leaps to the top of the first chair and then goes lightly and gracefully from one chair to the next, stepping chair bridge in opposite directions, one going over the tops as before, and the other passing along the horizontal bar just below. Long planks are then laid over the chairbacks, and a number of wine-bottles placed in a row at short intervals, and the cats wind swiftly in and out between these bottles without missing one or knocking one over. A still greater difficulty is pre-sented by a small wooden disk being put on the top of each bottle, and a cat stepping from one to another while other cats follow the serpentine walk among the bottles below. Chairs and planks are then removed, and a number of trestles set up between the two nouses.

to another, going over bars and through hoops with all the precision and flity of a circus-rider. A large wire boop wrapped n tow which has been soaked in alcohol is held up and set on fire, but the procession of pussies, nothing daunted, leaps through the flames obediently. Tight-rope dancing is the next performance, and a number of

live, white rats placed on the rope receiv



Slippery Sam (in Philadelphia)-Say, Jerryl 'taint no use. I'm goin' back ter

Slippery Sam-I worked a chump for thousan' down on Chestput street, an' so help me! when I got back ter th' hotel I found they was Confed'rate bills. Folks here ain't neard that th' war's over.—Judge.

QUAINT INN SIGNS.

Joel Benton Continues His Amusing Instances of Tavers Lore-Ancient Inskeepers' Ingenuity-Authentic and Romantic Legend of Old Mother Red Cap-[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

It was the tashion of publicans in England, in the more boisterous times of politics, to change heir tsigns and emblems to fit the occasion-from Cromwell to Charles, and so on. The innkeeper was not less anxious than some news papers are to catch the public breeze. All the signs had an eye to attracting the public. Mr. Charles Hindley, in his anecdotes of the tavern, says that "in a well-known country town where four inns were already establishedthe Bear, the Angel, the Ship and the Three Cups-a fifth was successfully added, the White Horse, having under the sign the

following bold lines:

My White Horse shall bite the Bear And make the Angel fly: Shall turn the ship her bottom up.

And drink the Three Cups dry. Mr. Hindley also says that Mother Red Cap's tayern in Camden, dating from early in the last century, was very popular, although her house was very humble, built of mud and thatched with straw. It was a favorite resort for soldiers, and the celebrated landlady is said to have lived long past her hundred years. After she died the following lines were added to her sign, which represented her in her red cap, with a glass of ale in her hand:

Old Mother Red Cap, according to her tale, Lived twenty and a hundred years by drink-this good ale; It was her meat, it was her drink, and medicine And if she still had drank this ale she never

Over an inn in Somersetshire stands this quatrain: Good peonle, stop and pray walk in, Here's foreign brandy, rum and gin, With cyder, ale and beer that's good, Allselling here by John Attwood.

A number of the old-fashioned inns pu up maxims of trade on their signs, as a re-fusal to trust. The following is from the Three Black Ravens' sign, near Worthing: All you that pass through field or moor, Pray do not pass John Hampshire's door. Here's what will cheer man in his course With good accommodation for his horse.

Our pipes are long, our ale is strong.
'Twill make you pipe your eye or give a song,
And as good nappy should be no man's sorrow,
Yur pay me to-day, I'll trust you to-morrow. Another landlord, in Brighton, puts this

PUBLIC NOTICE. Cierk Their Sent Have Score My Pay Must Beer My Trust

With the words properly arranged it reads: My brewers have sent their clerk, And I must pay my score; For if I trust my beer What shall I do for more?

y Abraham Lowe, was put this facetious I'm Abraham Lowe, and half way up the bill, If I were higher up, what's funnier still,
If I were higher up, what's funnier still,
I'd still be Lowe; come in and take your fill
Of porter, ale, wine, spirits—what you will.
Step in, my friend, I pray, no further go;
My prices, like myself, are always low.

On a tavern sign in the Isle of Man kept

The sign-board was in use in Greece and have their trades unions, which regulate how all the banks connected with them shall do business. The Shanghai bankers' guild fixes the charges of 55 of the banks of Shanghai. Its rules lie before me and I see On the Talbot Inn sign, Gloucestershire, standing at the foot of a hill, was put this couplet facing the foot:

Before you do this hill go up Stop and drink a cheerful cup. But the passenger on the other side read: You are down this hill, all dangers past: Stop and take a cheerful glass. The publican who had the following for a

sign: Try my dinners: they can't be beat

A writer in Blackwood's says the wayside nns of Scotland are not equal to those of England. There is a rustic charm and neatness of the latter, "smiling with their trellised gables, low windows, and over-hanging eaves all a-twitter with swallows, a little way off the road, behind a pine tree, that is unique. And then there is the pretty barmaid, with sweet voice, whom he

commends. The Boar's Head Inn at Cheapside was spoken of by Shakespeare, and the Miter Tavern in Fleet street was for two centuries famous. The name of Shakespeare lingers about this, too, as it does at the Mermaid.

If was here Dr. Johnson made the acquaintance of Boswell. They drank a bottle of port wine apiece and sat out their talk until 2 in the morning. At the Mermaid Sir Walter Raleigh instituted "The Meronly on the backs, until it reaches the other house, into which it retires. Each cat does this in turn, and then two cats cross the chair bridge in opposite directions, one go, whom no greater galaxy of fine wits ever assembled. Beaumont, in recalling the days of its glory to Ben Jonson, says:

What things have we not seen Done at the Mermaids, heard words So nimble and so full of subtle flame,

As if that every one from whence they came Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest And had resolved to live a fool the rest And the bright quotation, which many will remember, goes still further. Fuller speaks, too, of the memorable wit combats held here between Shakespeare and Ben

Jonson, "which trio," he says, "I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war. Master Jonson (like the for-mer), was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shake-speare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and in Later on Hogarth exhibited his wit at the

Miter, and employed his genius occasion-ally on a tavern sign. Inviting a party once to dine with him at the Miter tavern, he engraved a card on which was represen within a circle s pie, with a miter at the top, and the supporters, dexter and sinister, a knife a fork, and underneath, in Greek

a knife a tork, and underneath, in Greek characters, this motto: "Eta ceta fri."

There is no end, really, of piquant gossip on record about taverns, and equally extensive is the list of tales and bright gossip that have been produced in them. The old-time inn may be passing, but its memory will long remain. Old Dr. Johnson, who was not easily pleased, said of it: "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." And Falstaff asks: "Shall I not take mine ease at mine own inn?"

But Shenstone's lines will forever stand out as the most notable ascription to the old-time tavern. They have often been found fault with, we are told, as being a disparsgement to ordinary hospitality and of human nature, but they appeal by their pathos to one side of our common experience. Shenstone says:

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round, Where'er his stages may have been, May sigh to think be still has found The warmest welcome at an inn.

It is almost cruel to parody so touching eulogy, but it is said a wag who once saw these lines appropriately displayed at a ho-tel wrote beneath them the following stansa:

Whoe'er has traveled much about Must very often sigh to think That every host will turn you out Unless you've plenty of the chink. JOEL BENTON.

HOW TO VISIT PARIS.

Some Valuable Suggestions by Well-Posted Gentleman Who

HAS MADE FIFTEEN OCEAN TRIPS.

A Straight Tip About the Preparations for the Voyage.

SUFFERING SEASICKNESS IN SILENCE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. Paris, February 13, 1889.



VER in America I was requested by any number of persons who have never "been abroad," and most of whom intend coming over this year to the Paris Exposition, to write an article telling folks at home which steamers to take, how to prepare for the se

voyage, where to stop in Paris and what to see in the capital outside of the usual guidebook indications. "Not at all bad idea; on the contrary, a very good one," said the editor of THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH when I spoke to him about it; but the subject is so large that I shall have to divide my article into two letters.

To-day let us find a steamer and pack our cabin trunk for the voyage. The question of which line to patronize is one of high importance, for ships are not all alike, far from it. Heaven knows, and so do I that the best is bad enough, but as there is no other way of getting to Europe, make the best choice you can and then, once started, settle down to a trip across the Atlantic determined to do as little growling as possible. SECURE YOUR PASSAGE.

Let me see, there are no fewer than a dozen good lines by which you can come over, and when once you have decided which one you will patronize go boldly to the office and book your place or places. In some offices you will find gentlemen glad to give you information or aid you in making your choice of stateroom, but in others you will

meet with scant courtesy.

Passage secured, the next thing to do is Passage secured, the next thing ta do is to pack trunks and prepare ship's clothing. You will need only one trunk; it should be small enough to go under your stateroom berth, but large enough to hold all the articles and clothing required at sea, as it is not always easy to get at the hold. A lady should put in it plenty of wearing apparel, one or two changes of underwear, a dozen or to of collars and only appearent handkercollars and cuffs, numerous handker chiefs, half a dozen stockings, some comb and brushes, hairpins (and other kind-), toilet soap—don't forget this—toothbrush, nailbrush, button hook, shoes, slippers, bottles of cologne, and of hartshorn or other headache stuff, towels and bandages, a hat without feathers, one or two cloth or woole dresses-never silk ones-needles, thread and seissors and three or four novels.

WHISKY SEEMS TO BE NECESSARY. A man needs changes of underwear, plenty of socks, handkerchiefs and collars, a comb and brush, soap, slippers, footwearshoes with India rubber soles, well corru-gated to keep the wet out and the wearers on their legs, are a good kind—some cigars, or pipe and tobacco, two bottles of whisky, one or two suits of clothes, three or four novels, needles, thread, and a pair of scissors; and for goodness sake, ladies and gentlemen, don't take a lot of fruit ou board, the ship's steward has oranges, apples, lemons, grapes and all that sort of thing, which you may have for the asking.

These are the things for the steamer trunk. Take also a small traveling rug or blanket, aye two of them, a small pillow covered with dark-colored chintz, a warm overcoat or cloak, no matter how old, a soft felt hat, or traveling cap—something will not blow off—and a steamer chair. was violimized by a customer, who evidently did not relish them, for by wiping out the initial of the final word, he made the announcement read:

Try my dinners; they can't be eat.

A writer in Blackwood's says the wavside they are all very well in their way, but that way is not always the way of the moment. The sun and the shade and the breeze shift:

moreover, there are varieties of comforts in A STRAMER CHAIR.

A chair that can be moved about to suit your pleasure is much preferable to a fixed seat in the shape of a wooden frame work whereon very little comfort can ever be obtained. Get yourself, therefore, a steamer chair, and by all means buy one as long as possible. Have your name painted on it, and one it to the ship with the other here. and send it to the ship with the other bag-gage. Later on the deck steward will find it for you, and he will look after it when in it for you, and he will look after it when in the evening you are obliged to turn in, or when the weather is bad out of doors.

when the weather is bad out of doors.

Finally the hour of departure sounds and you hurry on board where friends, most likely, have already sent you quantities of flowers. It is very foolish of your friends to do this; it is merely throwing away money, for the chances are you won't ever see the lovely buds and blossoms once the steamer has gone through the Narrows. When seasickness strikes you flowers are as disgust ing as so many garlic stalks, and the nasal effect of faded roses on the stomach is simply awful. Happily, though, seasickness is short-lived with most persons, the stomach soon accommodates itself to circumstances and then comes a grand appetite. Hope lessly sick for one or two days, the third a little pale and still harassed by anxiety; the fourth-maybe before-no longer fear, no more of distress or dreadful nausea. Now you will eat four meals every day and growl because the head steward does not set the

AN OCEAN APPETITE

One thing is certain of the sea, nearly every human being, once he or she get over illness, develops an insatiable and in-ordinate appetite. There is a chronic state of hunger pervading every Atlantic steam-ship, and the intervals between meals are filled with yearnings for the next. Whether this is because there is a greater percentage of ozone in the sea air, or whether it is that our bodies are perpetually struggling, so to speak, and there is proceeding and never ceasing waste of tissue which must be replenished, is more than I can say, for I am agither chemit nor physicist.

plenished, is more than I can say, for I am neither chemist nor physicist.

Just as soon as you are able to go on deck go there immediately. Have your steamer chair placed to suit you, put yourself in it, let some person wrap the shawls and rugs carefully around your legs and over your lap, lay there and read awhile, then close the pages and think how very strange it is to be one of a mixed lot of human beings cut off from all the rest of the world with nothing but sea and sky, ship's ricging. othing but sea and sky, ship's rigging, mall boats, smokestacks and the captain's bridge, to look upon. This new sensation is at best but a two days' wonder; then you give over trying to guess how many miles it is to the horizon, and become curious to know who are your fellow passengers. Now staid men and youngsters turn gossip, and all women listen; and when the well of public information on this point runs dry then tout le monde gradually melts into a delightful civility which in some few cases

becomes childlike familiarity. DON'T TRY TO BOSS.

It is necessary to remember that no matter whom you think you may be on shore at sea you are no person's superior. The ship's regulations must be obeyed, and you yourself will enjoy the trip only the more if you succeed in preserving the amenities of social intercourse. The number of servants are necessarily limited, hence you must not expect to have one ready at your beck and call, and if you take your own man or

maid along rest assured you'll have to wait on them. Be civil to the servants, and kind always to the crew, for the sailors are a ship's muscles and its brains are the Captain. He is the only autocrat on board, and yet he invariably treats all passengers with perfect fairness, so far as personal rights and the comforts of the vessel are concerned.

As soon as the steamer passes the Statue of Liberty call for the head steward and ask him to give you a place at table. Most of the ships will be so crowded this year that two or three breakfasts and as many dinners will have to be served, one after the other. Persons who do not care about getting up to early will choose to be at the last breakfast, but everybody should try to be placed for dinner at the first table. Many persons want seats at the Captain's table, but there is no particular advantage in being there. The purser's table, that of the doctor, or of the chief engineer is just as good; the food is just the same, and is served precisely alike at all the tables. If you drink wine with your meals you must buy it. with your meals you must buy it.

AS TO TIPS. Another matter that I must coach you on, and it is an important one, is as to the tips or fees. A day or two before landing the new traveler begins to worry on the question of gifts to the ship's servants. The company pays its employes, and you are not obliged to give them anything, but it is cus-tomary to do so. Indeed the custom has be-come so well established that stewards' fees re now almost obligatory.

On board a steamship your welfare is nore or less well looked after by a room steward or stewardess; a "boots;" a bath-room servant; a table steward; and the deck steward. Gentlemen have also a smoking room steward to serve them with cocktails and other badly-prepared refreshments. Now, you should give each servant a fee in proportion to the services rendered, and yet there is a minimum below which no person should descend. Thus, the room steward or tewardness ought to be given at the rate of say, a shilling a day on the English and German boats, or a franc on the French and Belgian steamers; "boots" and "bath" should be given half as much; the steward who waits on you at table should get the who waits on you at table should get the same as the room servant; and the deck steward ought to have as much as the boot-black for looking after your rugs and steamer chair. This, you see is in all about 60 cents per person, and of course as much may be added to it as you like. Some passengers give even less than the sums I have

A REPREHENSIBLE HABIT.

I have talked frequently with the table I have talked frequently with the table and room steward and stewardesses on several lines, and it is certain that they would be satisfied if they were sure of receiving \$1 for the voyage on the average from each passenger waited on by them.

As for the smoking-room steward, a very reprehensible habit has grown up within

the past few years of taking up a subscrip-tion for him at the end of the voyage. This is quite wrong, and I protest against it. The room is open to everybody, and he is paid monthly wages for waiting on its occupants. If a passenger wishes to give this bar man's assistant a tip let him do it, but neither he nor the steward has a right to put a sub-scription paper before anyone. The whole ystem of tipping the ship's servants is bad n principle, and is a decided imposition on the traveling public, and the several com-panies should protect us against the greedy demands of their beggarly employes. BE SEASICK AND SERENE.

No, I know of no remedy to relieve seasickness, much less to prevent it. Experience of others cannot be trusted either, for there are persons who are not, even the first time at sea, seasick at all. Nor can we trust our own experience because some are seasick one trip and well all the way across

I have now made the transatlantic voyage no fewer than 15 times, and I have escaped three times only. Coming back to France two or three weeks ago the waves ran high enough to dash over the steamer and most of the time the vessel rolled awfully, but I was not seasick an instant. I won how I escaped. Perhaps it was the excel-lent dinner which Mrs. Richardson served certain guests the night before I sailed. We had canvass-back ducks deliciously cooked, two French fattened chickens sent in from Olean by Will Williams, some good red some quarts of extra dry Monopole that was frapec to perfection. HENRY HAYNIE.

MONKEYS IN A CORN-FIELD. The Shrewdness With Which They Plan Their Robbery.

In a very interesting article recently published by the Popular Science Monthly on the "Directive Faculty in Brutes," the foray of a tribe of monkeys on a field of corn is described. When they get ready to start on their expedition an old monkey, the leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand, so as to stand upright more easily, marches ahead on two legs, thus being more elevated than the others, so as to see signs of danger more readily. The rest follow him on all fours. The leader advances slowly and cautiously, carefully reconnoitering in all directions till the party arrives at the cornfield. He then assigns the sentinels to their respective posts. All being now in readiness, the rest of the tribe ravage and eat to their heart's content. When they retire each one carries two or three ears of corn along, and from this provision the sentinels are regaled on their arrival at their lair. Here we see ability to rule and a willingness to submit to rule; a thoughtful pre-paration of means to the end in view and a recognition of the rights of the sentinels to be suitably rewarded at the close of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ from a similar foray of a tribe of savage men? The only difference that really exists is in degree otherwise it is much the same.

PAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST.

A Dog's Watchful Care Over the Horse o

cleverly as he did in a case which I hap-pened to witness lately. It was a cold day, and the dog, sitting on his haunches most of the time, changed his position pretty often as one who found his seat uncomforta-ble, but he never for a moment took his eye from the horse. Presently the latter mem-ber of the party, which also began to find the weather a little chill, started down the street at a fast walk.

street at a fast walk.

This horrified the dog; he leaped and barked in front of the offender with great vehemence, but, failing to stop his companion in this manner, he ran up to a gen-tleman whom he observed on the sidewalk, and then back to the horse. This he re-peated two or three times, barking all the while, until his request was heeded, and smiles that were turned toward her from all the stranger led the horse back to his sides. former place at the curbstone. The dog thanked the man with a wag of the tail, and resumed his seat on the sidewalk with an evident air of relief.



Master Guy (who has grown very rapidly)

—You needn't laugh, fellers. Just wait till
your mothers go to see that blamed "Little
Lord Fauntleroy" every night for a week!—
Puck.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Society Girls Looking Forward to the M'ALLISTER'S DILEMMA. Restful Lenten Season.

DANCING FOR MONEY AND HUSBAND

Ward McAllister Trying to Solve a Perplexing Problem.

TWO LITTLE MEN AT THE THEATER

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK. March 2 -The Fifth avenue belle is tired out. The dancing season has overworked her, and she looks forward to Lent as a time for rest and recuperation, if not for religious regeneration. Never in New York has there been

a winter of greater activity, mental and physical, for those who deem themselves "in society," and who try earnestly to do all that should be done by society people. It isn't likely that many of the washerwomen in town have, during the past three months, labored harder than the young ladies in that limited but conspicuous faction which sets itself about the job of being truly fashionable. The matrons stand the wear and tear very well. They are inured to it. Even the young wives and the older maidens are not so visibly fatigued. But the girls who are just finishing their first season out are weary indeed. Their pretty faces are not so smoothly fair as they were last autumn, the vivacity n their manner is sensibly forced, and they waltz with appreciably less vim than they

LENTEN RECUPERATIONS.

But the exertion will be over with the final dances of Monday and Tuesday nights, and then for six weeks comparative quietude will last. There are plenty of amusements fashionably permissible in Lent, but these do not include dancing assemblies of any kind, or ceremonious re-ceptions. The Lenten diversions are largely recreative in the way of mildly athletic games, horseback exercise, and other things to the physical good of the participant, and so I suppose that our belles will be com-pletely rehabilitated by the time summer brings another annual change in their occu-

It was a particularly swell-looking girl with a trim, graceful figure and a piquant face, whose fatigue came so near to prostration that I couldn't help inquiring about her. I imagined, from the neat tastefulness of her garb and the dainty politeness of her deportment, that she was a daughter for the day of the day wealth who had overworked voluntarily. "You are not quite right in your conjec-

ture," was the reply to my query. "That girl is a hired waltzer in several dancing academies. Look in the advertising columns of the newspapers and you will find the announcements of 20 or 30 dancing masters, who offer lessons in waltzing at very low prices, and specify that temale partners are provided.

WANT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

"The pupils are fellows intent on getting their money's worth. They demand constant activity during the hours for which they pay, and the tuition consists largely of setting them to dancing with experienced girls hired for that duty. The one you are now contemplating is engaged with three of these academies, and their combined re-quirements keep her waltzing pretty con-

self. She said: "Yes, it is precious hard work and I am just about done up. So you thought I was a fatigued society belle? I to hold six-toed feet, and doubtless they did. work and I am just about done up. So you thought I was a fatigued society belle? I wish I were. Then I would at least have had reasonably good partners, instead of the awkward novices who are such a dreadful trial to me. The beginner doesn't know how to hold you, and is afraid to when he is shown how. His gait isn't regular and easy, but irregular and jerky, so that you are pulled and yanked unmercifully. But his worst fault is that he steps on your feet. Nobody with corns should think of becoming a professional partner in a waltzing ing a professional partner in a waltzing academy. But even with feet as sound as nuts, the mischances of the novice's tread will before a winter is through reduce them to anguishing tenderness. When a new to anguishing tenderness. When a new pupil gets hold of me I don't try to guess pupil gets hold of me 1 don't try to guess whether he will step on my feet, but how many times he will do it. Yes, indeed, it isn't an easy occupation, and \$20 a week wouldn't tempt me to stick to it."

A WOMAN'S AMBITION.

"Then why do you keep at it?"
"Well, I don't mind telling you. Among the many pupils who learn to waltz with me, shouldn't there some aday be a highly desirable man who will fall in love with me? So I am getting a good living for the present, and possibly a good husband for

It was a cold and windy day. The signs on the buildings creaked, the horse car on the buildings creaked, the horse car drivers ran along by the side of their horses to keep warm, and the crowd of shoppers hurried as fast as they could for shelter in the stores. A coupe rattled up to the curbstone, and stopped. The door opened, and a figure bundled up in a long fur cloak stepped to the sidewalk. Just at that instant the horses of the coupe gave a sudden input, and the alighting figure was though A writer in the Boston Post relates this dog story: Not infrequently I observe a dog standing guard over a horse while the master of the two animals makes a call at some down-town place of business, but I seldom see the canine groom put in so unpleasant a situation or extricate himself so cleverly as he did in a case which I happened to witness lately. It was a cold day, and the dog, sitting on his haunches most of the time changed his position pretty the young lady to her feet, and there she stood with her jeweled neck and arms catching the icy wind, while she tried to hold her light skirts down about her knees.

A CONTRETEMPS. A gentleman had captured her cloak and a lady helped her to wrap it about her. Her long blonde hair in the meantime, being un-covered, had been entirely disarranged and was blowing in all directions. Red with mortification and cold the girl ordered her driver to take her home, stepped back into the carriage, slammed the door to and was taken away from the large collection of

There was some wonder about the reaso There was some wonder about the reason for the unfortunate girl being costumed in such peculiar fashion by daylight in a business street, but I looked up at the building before which her mishap had befallen her and saw that it was a photographer's gallery. She had desired to preserve her lovely appearance for future reference, but, as has been seen, her commendable little plan was blown to pieces.

been seen, her commendable little plan was blown to pieces.

The subsidence of dancing activity for Lent will not give to Ward McAllister any vacation. He will puzzle over and arrange for the ball to be given on April 29 as a feature of the George Washington Centennial in this city. The new President and his Cabinet will be here, and if McAllister had in his presumed mind any question about admitting these mere officials he settled it in the affirmative. Indeed he has assumed control of this occasional ball with tled it in the affirmative. Indeed he has assumed control of this occasional ball with a view to showing that he can go outside of his four hundred when he chooses, and distinguish himself in doing so. But the problem that troubles him is the formation of the opening quadrille. He sits for hours at his task, with a sheet of paper spread out before him and a pencil in his hand, endeavoring to lay out the plan of that set. He con-

eluded without great mental strain that Mr. and Mrs. Harrison ought to be in it. The next determination arrived at was that Governor Hill and Mayor Grant should be included.

Then the perplexity intervened in his cal-culations. A few days ago he relieved him-self a little further by deciding that Vice President Morton and his wife ought to be comprised in that quadrille. Thus he found himself provided with the four requisite gentlemen, but with two vacant places for himself provided with the four requisite gentlemen, but with two vacant places for ladies. Yesterday he wrote a formal letter to Mrs. Grover Cleveland asking her to take one of these two positions. I suppose there is not much doubt about her acquiescence. It is understood that she is coming to New York soon after her retirement from the White House, and that she will be received into our most presentious society. Indeed White House, and that she will be received into our most pretentious society. Indeed, there has been no undetermined question in that matter. Her close relations with Mrs. Whitney, her personal good looks and winsomeness, and her ardent desire to participate in New York fashionable life, all combine to assure the lady to our swell circles. Those who ought to know say that she has both the disposition and the power to become socially conspicuous here. But as to this quantile, McAllister is racking his brain whether to assign her as a partner to the Governor or to the Mayor. There is no the Governor or to the Mayor. There is no love lost between Cleveland and Hill, and during the last year that they were together at Albany as Governor and Lieutenant they had no social intercourse Governor

with each other. HER HUSBAND'S ENEMY. But McAllister says to himself that Mr. Hill and Mrs. Cleveland might dance amicably together for a few minutes, notwith-standing the husband's dislike of the bach-elor; and McAllister hasn't thought that way for more than an hour before his mind swims over to the other idea that it would

be better to mate Mrs. Cleveland with Mayor Grant.

The fourth lady in the set is almost certain to be Mrs. William Astor. But she is not the first choice of McAllister, nor the second, but only the third. Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, as wives of Presidents, were invited by him, but both have declined, on the ground that they are not habitual dancers. Mrs. Nellie e better to mate Mrs. Cleveland with they are not habitual dancers. Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris is visiting her mother, who made a remark which was construed as a suggestion that the daughter be asked, but nothing has come of it. Mrs. Astor is aware of the situation, but she is not at all resentful, and intimates that she will willingly accept the place. The reader doesn't deem this a momentous topic? Well, Ward Mc-Allister is of a different opinion.

AN ACTRESS CHASER The amusement at the theater where the London burlesquers are performing was extended, the other evening, to one of the lower proscenium boxes, where the exhibit of actress-chasers was comical. In the cor-ner, so close to the stage picture that he was practically a part of it, and with his countenance turned half way to the assemblage was one of the funniest little dudes ever seen. His face was as smooth and pudgy as an infant's, and quite as void of guile. His curly hair and suggestion of a mustache were as yellow as the wigs of the stage women. He wore white kid gloves, the only pair on male hands in the theater; and probably he had lately swallowed as much as half a glass of champagne, for he was visibly exhilarated.

His ogling of the stage beauties, his knowing glances at the audience, and his whole expression of very mild deviltry, kept the observers tittering. As to the actresses, they did not conceal their amused contempt for what they would have called a "Johnny." He was the son of a rich man, and no doubt has spent money freely on these same women, who accept his refreshments and then treat him contemptu-

AN ACTRESS CATCHER

ously.

Among the half dozen other occupants of as far as possible but of sight, but who I was enabled from my opposite box seat to study interestedly. He was a misshapen dwarf, almost as tail as the other chaps when he sat in the chair, but not much more than half their height when he is the chair.

darling of wealth, whom I have described, was a butt for the merry burlesquers, this dwarfish and fautastic Little Tich had recently won the heart of Laura Brooks, a beauty of the burlesque. They had been thrown together professionally, had fallen in love with each other, and had been regularly joined in wedlock. Women are peculiar. But who shall say that of the two occupants of the box Little Tich would not be a more endurable husband than the brainless pretty fellow?

PUTTING A HORSE TO BED. Connecticut Animal That is Particular

About His Mattress and Pillows. There is a horse in the town of Sprague belonging to Allen Williams that has to be put to bed to be shod. As blacksmiths do not have beds in their shops for the accommodation of such eccentric animals, Mr. Williams has to carry a mattress and pillows to the shop where his horse is shod. The horse does not like to go to bed, and as it takes good management to throw him down on the mattress and get him into a mood and a position to have the shoes put on his hoots, few blacksmiths like to undertake the job. few blacksmiths like to undertake the job.

A Norwich man has dene the job repeatedly, and almost always the horse is driven to this city to have new shoes put upon him. The horse is thrown down and held on the mattress by straps across the body, and his across invited in baying the horse's head owner insists on having the horse's head polstered up in a comfortable position with wo pillows while the work is being done. There is not, probably, another horse in New England that requires a mattress and pillows to be shod upon.

MARY WASHINGTON'S GRAVE

To be Sold at Auction at the Capital of the Washington Post.

Twelve acres of land at Fredericksburg Va., including the grave of Mary Washington, the mother of George Washington, is announced to be sold at auction on Tuesday next. The place named for holding the sale is the National Capital. On the ground is the material for the monument which was to have been erected over the

grave. Representative Brown, of Virginia, said a perfect title could not be made even if the sale should be effected. The Court of Appeals in Virginia had decided over and over again that property containing the graves of people could not be transferred without consent of the heirs and relatives

A Nebraska Duct.



you hotel robbers out here furnish tooth-picks for your guests? Cert'nly, young fel-ler; cert'nly!

THE HERMIT HUNTER.

Disgrace Falling Upon His Father's Family Leads a Young Man

TO MAKE A HOME IN THE WILDS,

And for a Period of Ten Years He Dwells in Complete Solitude

IN THE WOODS OF WEST VIRGINIA



er in amazement without replying. Was the man crazy. I wondered, or did he intend to work off some kind of a joke on me? He saw the surprise, which must have been reflected in

my face, and continued: "I am perfectly serious. I ask for information. If you will kindly answer me I will explain the cause of my ignorance."

The man appeared to be sane, and cercertainly he was thoroughly in earnest. "Grover Cleveland is our Chief Magistrate at present, but his term of office expires on Monday, when Benjamin Harrison will be inaugurated as his successor. Is it

which every other person in the land is perfeetly familiar?" "Thank you. I have not forgotten. I never knew. Let me order these glasses refilled, and then I will endeavor to tell you why I am under the necessity of asking such strange questions."

possible you have forgotten facts with

This conversation took place one day last week in a well-known Pittsburg restaurant. Ever since then it has not been out my mind more than a few hours, either at night or by day. The man was a stranger whom I had done a favor in return for which he had asked me to take dinner with him. Although he had somedinner with him. Although he had some-thing of the looks and appearance of a rustic be was evidently a gentleman in the true sense of the word, and rather than wound his feelings, I accepted his invitation readily. Besides, we had traveled together from Cumberland, Md., to Pittsburg on the Baltimore and Ohio road and had become as well acquainted as two men possibly could during a journey of a few hours duri

THE STRANGER'S STORY This is the tale which the stranger told me as we sat at the table sipping our wine:
"I have been out of the world, so to speak, for exactly ten years the 21st of next month. No, I have not been abroad, but have spent the time in one of the loneliest and least inhabited portions of the mount-ain regions of West Virginia. Before I voluntary renounced civilization to lead a hermit's life I lived with my parents on a farm some distance up the valley of the Monongahela. My father was in comfortable circumstances. I was his only son, and I had far better educational advantages than were enjoyed by most of the farmers' boys of the neighborhood. After spending several terms profitably at the village academy, I began the study of the law in the office of an attorney of wide reputation. I was making fair progress, and expected to be admitted to the bar in a few months, when the shadow of a great disgrace fell upon the honorable name hitherto borne by

our family. "It is unnecessary for me to go into details-I could not do it, even at this late, day. I can only say that the blow was a quirements keep her waltzing pretty constantly six or eight hours a day. You were right in presuming that the dancing season had completely fagged her out, but she has been under the additional strain of doing it been under the additional strain of doing it. His hands had five fingers apiece, besides the shad and the extra finger was not an cowardly and unmanly in me, but I fled from home, resolved never to cross my father's threshold again. Even now I do not know whether my father and sister are dead or alive, as I have never dared to make inquiries, fearing my own identity might be discovered. It's a wonder the mental

torture I endured did not drive me mad. It did not, though there have been many times when it seemed to me that oblivion or even death would be welcome. SEEKING FORGETFULNESS. "You would probably judge me to be a man of 45 or 50 years. These gray hairs and these deep lines on my face make me look old, I know. My age, in reality, is but 32 years. I fled from my desolated home and the scene of my blasted prospects, feeling that I must hide myself from the

gaze of mankind. I courted forgetfulness, but never found it. My misery has been my sole companion during all these years, "With a sum of money in my pocket amounting to about \$200 and a small package containing a few articles of clothing and three books-Shakespeare, Byron and the Bible-I struck out into the wildest part of our neighboring State. At the last town before I arrived in the wilderness I bought a gun and ammunition. I found a deserted habitation in the woods, which looked as if habitation in the woods, which looked as it it might have once been a moonlight distiller's headquarters. It was half cavern and half cabin. This I occupied first as my hunting camp, and finding myself unmolested, I made my permanent home there. Until I left it for good last week I had never been absent from its shelter for more than two consention nicks at a very incident. than two consecutive nights at any time in ten years. The money I took with me en-abled me to buy what supplies I needed at a country store some four miles up the valley, and to the same place I carried and sold the fur and game that I secured by my skill in hunting and trap-ping. Though but a novice in these arts when I first entered the woods, I soon be-came quite an expert in both, and my income was ample for my simple wants. A short distance from my habitation was a small patch of ground partially cleared by the action of foress firest, and there I made a sort of field where I carried on a rude and primitive kind of agriculture, raising vege-

tables and a little corn for 'roasting ears. A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE. "Robinson Crusoe, on his desert island, was not so much alone as I. Only two or three times in all those long years did I ever see the face of a human being near my cabin. The few hunters who came that way, if they discovered my retreat, never molested me. I made as few trips as possible to the hamlet of half a dozen houses where the store was located, and I doubt if a dozen people in all that region knew my face, the name I had assumed or where I lived. I read the books I had with me through until I can now repeat whole pages from each of them. I had resolved never to look into a newspaper, even should one come in my way, and I never broke that resolution but once. I conversed very little with the storekeeper or anyone else I chanced to meet, and I knew nothing of political or social movements. On one occasion when I brought from the store a bundle wrapped in brought from the store a bundle wrapped in a part of an old newspaper the tempation to see what the world was talking about was too great. I seized the paper and read and reread it until every word was fixed upon my mind. From that paper I learned that Grant was dead. I do not know who succeeded Hayes as President; I know nothing of current history.

President; I know nothing of current history. Almanses, put out by firms dealing in patent medicines, which were thrust into packages and procured at the store, enabled me to keep track of the days of the week and month, so that I aiways observed Sunday, as I had been taught.

A few days ago I suddenly came to the conclusion that I had wasted my time long enough, and I left my home to mingle with the world again. At the first town I reached I procured a decent suit of clothes and got a barber to trim my hair and beard. I am going West, and shall probably end my going West, and shall probably end my days in some of the new mining settle-